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JUNE

There, through the long long Summer hours.
The golden light should lie,
And thick young herbs and groups of flowers
Stand in their beauty by.
The oriole should build, and tell
His love-tale close beside my cell;
The idle butterfly
Should reat him there, and there be heard
The bousewife bee and humming-bird.

And what if cheerful shouts at noon,

And what if cheerini abouts at noon, Come from the village sent. Or songs of malls, beneath the moon, With fairy laughter blent?
And what if in the evening light, Betrothed lovers walk in alght. Of my low monument? I would the lovely seene around. Might knew no sadder sight or sound.

I know, I know I should not see
The season's glorious abow,
Nor would its brightness shine for me.
Nor its wild maste flow:
But if, around my place of sleep
The friends I love should come to weep,
They might not haste to go:
Soft airs and song, and light and bloom,
Should keep them lingering by my tomb

These to their softened hearts should bear.
The thought of what has been.
And speak of one who can not share.
The gladness of the scene;
Whose part, in all the pomp that fills.
The circuit of the Summer hills,
Is—that his grave is green:
And deeply would their hearts rejoice,
To hear again his living voice.

Select Story.

A FORTUNATE MISTAKE.

Coming out of the opera one evening, jostled

Choice Boetry.

Ere I reached my chamber, I resolved to ascertain, if possible, who the person was that dwelt in the large house on the Common, and who had arrived from the army so recently, that I might thereby assure myself to whom I was indebted for a delicious kiss, and whose acquaintance I was very desirous of making.

Early upon the following morning, I sat down and wrote a few lines to Miss Lucy Walters, and enclosing one hundred and fifty dellars, sealed the letter, and depositing it in my pocket, sallied forth in quest of the information I so much desired. Wending my way to a friend's room, I met a lad that I knew, and inquired if he was acquainted with the neighborhood in which I had been on the previous evening.

"Yea, sir, very well," he replied.

"Can yon tell me who lives in the large house on the left hand side of the Common? The house stands back from the road."

"Ob, you mean Mr. Wright's," said he.

"How far is it?" I asked.

"About four miles and a half; perhaps more."

"Thank yon. That is all I want." I replied, as I passed into the house, where I addressed my note to "Miss Lucy Walters, care of Miss C. Wright;" then asuntering out slowly, I called the lad to me.

"By the way, George," said I, "I have a letter to deliver out there. Do you think yon BY WILLIAM CULLES BREAST. I gazed upon the glorious sky,
And the green mountains round,
And thought that when I came to lie
At rest within the ground,
Twere pleasant, that in flowery June,
When brooks seed up a cheerful tune,
And groves a joyous sound,
The sexton's hand, my grave to make,
The rich, green mountain turf should i A cell within the frozen mould,
A coffin borne through sleet,
And icy clods above it rolled,
While flerce the tempests beat—
Away!—I will not think of these.
Eline be the sky and soft the breeze,
Earth green beneath the feet,
And be the damp mould gently pressed
Into my narrow place of rest.

the lad to me.

"By the way, George," said I, "I have a letter to deliver out there. Do you think you could do it for me?"

"Well, I can manage it for you, Mr. Clark," replied the lad. "My uncle Dean lives out there."

"Is Mr. Dean your uncle?" I inquired hastily.
"Yes, sir," he replied.
"There is a lame girl living with him?" I

continued.

"Yes; Miss Walters," he replied.

"Can I trust you, George ?" I inquired.

"You may, sir, if you want to help Miss Walters without her knowing who is doing it," said he. "Well,', said I, "this letter is intended for

"Well," said I, "this letter is intended for Miss Walters, as you will perceive. It is a money letter; and if you convey it to her, that is all that is required. You will keep the matter to yourself?"

"I only wish I could do twice as much for Miss Walters," exclaimed the fine fellow; "I shall put the letter where she will get it, and she will never know where it came from. I am going there to-night."

"Very well, George," I replied, as I left him, feeling satisfied that the note was in safe hands.

"That lady in blue!" said my cousin.

"No," said I, "the lady beside her."

"Have you not made her acquaintance! That

"Have you not made her acquaintance? That s Miss Wright."

"Any relation to Miss Emma Wright?"

"No; they're quite intimate, however, Let se present you."

I faucied Miss Wright bestowed a look of Coming out of the opera one evening, jostled in the crowd. I felt a land clasping my own, and a musical voice exclaimed:

"You good-for-nothing! I thought I had lost you! What a frightful crush! I do believe my arm is broken, and my dress ruined."

I was on the point of replying that I agreed with her, but restrained myself, laughing in wardly at the novel position in which I was placed, and wondering who my fair companion could be. Evidently she mistook me for her brother, or possibly her husband, judging from the familiarity of her manner, for she added, in a sympathizing tone: more than ordinary cariosity upon me, as my consin presented me; but I—I had the effcon-tery to meet her inquiring look as if unconscious of the fact that I had met those eyes before, and had received from those lips a sisterly kiss. As I seated myself beside her, I overheard the

words—
"Taking everything into consideration, I think very little blame can be attached to the gentleman," intered in a merry tone by a person at my elbow, but whose face was turned

"Pray, have done, Ralph!" said Miss Wright, as she tapped his shoulder lightly with her fan, a faint blush suffusing her cheeks. the familiarity of her manner, for she added, in a sympathizing tone:

"Forgive me, Ralph—your poor head! I am sorry I made you come."

"Pardon me, madam," I said; "but—"

"Oh, nonsense, Ralph!" she interrupted me.

"You have become half barbarian since you went to the war, to permit me to seat myself, while you stand there as if I were your wife, and you ten years married, instead of your sister, whose ready assistant—in place of a better—you should be. Ralph, I shall catch my death of cold sitting here; and such a long ride, too!"

Here the lady gave a perceptible shiyer. a faint blush suffusing her cheeks.

"But the coolness of the whole proceeding," continued the party addressed as Ralph, her bless of her remonstrances. "The fellow gave, her a brotherly kiss."

"Ralph!" exclaimed Miss Wright, as the blood mounted to her forchead.

"Come, come, Wright, don't ask us to believe that!" exclaimed one of the group.

"Well, she cannot deny having complained to

Here the hedy gave a perceptible shiper.

"Do jump in and sit down, or I will."

What she would have done I did not wait to thear; that taking my seat beside her in the carriage, we were driven off, whither I knew not.

"I won't ask you to talk to me with that headache, but I want you to listen to me. I wanted to talk to yeu coming in, but that little chatterbox, Maggie, prevented me from saying a word to you. You remember poor little Lucy Walters, Ralph. Her mother died about two months are, and the poor girl has gone to live with the

ters, Kalph. Her mother died about two months ago, and the poor girl has gone to live with the Deans. Mr. and Mrs. Dean have been very kind to her, but it is impossible for them to do more than shelter her. If she had a good teach-

"Well, she cannot deny having complained to me the next day, that he was exceedingly stapid—thinking I was offended all the while—and scarcely uttered a word; that, in fact, she had to do all the talking."

"We will take that with considerable allowance, too," replied one of the listeners.

"I mot the fellow on the road," resumed the gentleman, "and I must say I never encountered a man so like myself in all my life."

"In truth, you are a barbarian, Mr. Wright, to tell such things about your sister," said our hoatess, with a merry laugh.

"As if I did not owe her ten times as much," said the young man. "Ever since that evening she has been teasing me in every conceivable manner," he added, tarning round suddenly toward her; and in doing so, encountering my steady gaze, he ejaculated, with a perceptible start, upon facing me, "There he is!"

Miss Wright flashed a meaning glance upon him, than suddenly toward me, as if to observe the effect his examination and manner would produce upon me; but I was equal to the emergency, and maintained an nuruffled composure.

"I did not hear the first of that, Miss Wright," I said, as I cast a careless glance over the wondering group, and another of pretended astonishment upon Mr. Wright, who felt no little annoyance.

"Perhaps it is just as well," was the reply. more than shelter her. If she had a good teacher, she might in time be independent; but that would require money, and you know I haven't much, Ralph; but I have determined to do something for our old playmate. I cau save out of my allowance one hundred and fifty dol lars, and now if you will double it, what will that do for Lucy! If I am correct, it will enable her to attend the School of Design and take private lessons in art for a year; and at the end of that time, if Lucy is alive, she will show the world what a woman can do. I know you

private lessons in art for a year, and end of that time, if Lucy is alive, she will show the world what a woman can do. I know you will give your share toward the snue, like a good brother as you are."

Here my companion became quiet, and the question presented itself to my mind:

"How am I to escape from this awkward position honorably! Here I have been guilty of listening to a communication intended for the ear of another—have been guilty of an inexcas able deception, practiced upon a stranger and a lady knowingly. Perhaps the honest plan would be to acquaint her at once with the mistake, and solicit her pardon."

I was about to commence my well-studied speech, when my companion gave a little laugh, as she said: ishment upon Mr. Wright, who left no little annoyance.

"Perhaps it is just as well," was the raply.

as she glanced at her brother. "Ralph really is
unmerciful, when he begins. I am glad you
did not hear the whole; but now that it is out.
I may as well give a correct version of the affair. Like an attentive brother, he permitted

I may as well give a correct version of the afair. Like an attentive brother, he parmitted
the crowd to separate us at the close of the opera on Tuesday, and I was so unfortunate as to
mistake a stranger for him, who accompanied
me home without acquainting me with my error. Thinking it was Raiph, and that his head
ache prevented him from talking, I did permit
my tongue to perform rather more than a fair
share."

"Then, all the blame must be laid upon Mr.
Wright. He should be the last to mention it.
His want of proper feeling is very much to be
deprecated; but let us hope that he will change
for the better," said our hostess. "I think even
now be exhibits sigus of repentance."

"Until lately," she replies, placing an emphasis upon the word, "I had not the slightest
clue to the gentleman."

"Does she know the truth!" I asked myself.
"Have I betrayed myself!" I might have

speech, when my companion gave a fittle language as ale said:

"Really, Ralph, you are very entertaining, in your own peculiar way; but if you are as dumb when in the presence of Miss Vernon as you have been to night, she is to be pitied rather than envied. But here we are at uncle's, and you know I promised to stop with Carrie to-night; so you will have no one to bother you the remainder of the road. How singular you do act to-night, Ralph! Well, I will not tease you any more." you any more."

Suddenly the driver drew up before an ele-loop-hole when he was a summary of the summary of th Suddenly the driver drew up before an elegant residence, and imagining I perceived a loop-hole whereby I might escape from my awkward predicament, I sprang out of the brongham, and assisted the lady to alight. "Is your head still aching, Ralph' Goodnight. Why, von did not kiss me!"

As the fair face was upturned to mine, with its tempting lips awaiting the kiss, I pressed my shawl down from my month suddenly, and as suddenly felt my head drawn down to receive the most delicious kiss that ever was bestowed by maiden.

"You need not wait; the door is open, and there stands Carrie, bless her!" said my companion, as she tripped up the steps, while I stood irresolute.

Seating myself once more, I was again driven off, but whither I knew not. I only knew that I had lost a charming companion, whose lips a moment since were pressed against my own, and whom, in all probability, I would never meet again. "Have I betrayed myself!" I might have known that her woman's instinct would detect

while these and similar thoughts occupied my mind, I became engaged in an interesting conversation with Miss Wright, in the course of which allusion was made to the last opera night.

which allusion was made to the last opera night.

"Did I attend it?"

"Really, was it the last, or the one preceding it, or the second? Certainly I attended one of them, but which one of them? My memory was so treacherous? Perhaps it was the last; at least, there was a suffocating crush."

And the conversation went on, as before. The digression removed all doubt from her mind. I, at least, had known nothing of her adventure prior to that evening, when her mischief making brother made it public.

I do not think I was romantic at the time, and yet I must confess that, from the beginning

I do not think I was romantic at the time, and yet I must confess that, from the beginning of our acquaintance, I entertained the hope that Miss Wright would one day become my wife. I was not disappointed.

It was, perhaps, six mouths after we were married, that I carried home in my pocket a newspaper containing a flattering notice of Lucy Walters. As Mrs. Clark employed herself with her work, I drew Jorth the paper and read to her the notice. Lucy was pursuing her studies, and had carried off the prize medal. As she listened to the flattering comments paid to her protege, my wife's face lit up with a glow of pleasure. moment since were pressed against my own, and whom, in all probability. I would never meet again.

My speculations were, however, cut short by the abrupt stoppage of the carriage, whereupon I stepped out leisurely, picking up from the bottom, as I did so, an exquisitely embroidered handkerchief, with the initials "C. W." in one of the corners. I was reminded of my situation at that moment by the driver inquiring "if Mr. Ralph would want him any more to night;" so I merely shook my head, and without vouch-safing a word of explenation, I turned away from him, and walked homeward.

Evidently I hore a very strong resemblance to Mr. Ralph, whoever he was. When his own sister and the servant were both deceived by the resemblance, it must certainly be very great. I had walked perhaps a mile, when I observed a gentleman approaching at a walk as rapid as my own. As he drew nearer, I was struck with his resemblance to me—height size, manner and dress, even to the wrap around his nock, and the buttons upon his cont were the exact counterpart of my own. I think the resemblance must have struck him at the same time, for, as we were passing each other, we involuntarily pansed, and then scanning each other closely and curiously, strode on.

"Mr. Ralph," I said to myself, as I turned to look at him. Singularly enough, Mr. Ralph was at that moment looking at me; but the instant he was detected he, wheeled around, and resound his walk.

Pleasure. "Ralph used to laugh at me when I told him

"Ralph used to laugh at me when I told him Lucy would one day make a name for herself," she said musingly. "I have so often wondered," she continued, as she resumed her work, "who it was that gave her that money."

"You mean the person who accompanied you to your Uncle Graham's from the concert," said I. "Yos," she replied; "it was very singular, his giving the money in the way he did."

"Doubtless he did it to secure your good opinion," said I.

"Then he has never had the satisfaction of knowing how it was received," said my wife.

"Of course he has, though," said I.

"How do you know?" inquired Mrs. Clark, looking up from my work. "He may be dead."

"But he is living," said I.

"Who is living," said I.

"The person you 'so often think about, who sent Lucy Walters the money, and whom you kissed."
"Mr. Clark!" exclaimed my wife, as the work

"Mr. Clark!" exclaimed my wife, as the work fell from her lap.
"Mrs. Clark!" I retorted.
"You don't think? How can you say such an absurd thing!" And a puzzled expression rested npon my wife's face, which, in spite of all my powers of resistance, forced me to laugh aloud.

"Oh, I remember now," she said; "Ralph sid something like that once, when you were easid something like that once, when you were present."
"Then, Mrs. Clark, you deny having kissed

him!"
She threw her work aside suddenly, and arose.
"Harry, is it possible that it was you!"
"Very probable, certainly."
"And you have concealed it all this time!
You are the most deceptive of men!" she exclaimed.

"Don't blame me for doing what neither you nor any other woman can do," said I, "and that is, keep a secret—unless it be her age."

"I will not believe it," said Mrs. Clark.

"Because you tried to surprise me into a confession, and failed," I replied. "Then, let this he the proof."

I was prepared for this scone, and I drew from my pocket the embroidered handkerchief, and pointed out her initials, whereupon we mu-tually agreed that she had made a "Fortunate Mistake."

Miscellany.

BRAVE BOYS ARE THEY. A POPULAR OLD WAR SONG.

Heavily falls the rain.
Wild are the breezes to-night;
But neath the roof, the hours as they fly.
Are happy, and calm, and bright.
Gathering round our fireside,
Though it be Summer time,
We sit and talk of brothers abroad,
Forgetting the midnight chime. —Brave boys are they!

Gone at their country's call:

And yet, and yet, we cannot forget

That many brave boys must fall.

Under the homestead roof,
Nestled so cory and warm,
While soldiers sleep, with little or naught
To shelter them from the storm;
Reating on grassy couches,
Pillowed on hillocks damp;
Of martial fars, how little we know,
Till brothers are in the camp.

Gone at their country's call And yet, and yet, we cannot That many brave boys mu-

Thinking no leas of them.
Loving our country the more,
We sent them forth to fight for the flag
Their fathers before them bore.
Though the great tear-drops started,
This was our parting trust:
"God bless you, boys! we'll welcome you home,
When rebels are in the dust." nont's—Brave boys are they!
Gane at their country's call;
And yet, and yet, we cannot fo
That many brave boys must

May the bright wings of love Guard them, wherever they roam; The time has come when brothers must fight, And sisters must pray at bome. Oh! the dread field of battle! Soon to be strewn with graves! If brothers fall, then bury them where Our banner in triumph waves.

CHORDS—Brave boys are they! And yet, and yet, we crunot forget, That many brave boys must fall.

FITZ JOHN PORTER'S NARROW ES-

The second battle of Bull Run_its disastrous effect to the Union cause, the trial, conviction, and dismissal from the service of Gen. Fitz John Porter, are all items familiar to many, many thousands of the people of this country. In view of the possible reopening of the case, and a new judgment entered upon the conduct of Gen. Porter at the battle, a representative of the National Republican called upon the Hon. James A. Garfield, Representative in Congress from the Nineteeth District of Ohio, and who was a member of the Court Martial by which Gen. Porter was tried, Mr. Garfield being at that time a Brigadier General in the volunteer service.

that time a Brigadier General in the volunteer service.

Upon stating the nature of the errand upon which our representative was sent, Gen. Garfield replied, "that until the injunction of secrecy was removed from the deliberations of the Court, he would not divulge anything that transpired. But if the subject came before Congress for discussion there, he would favor a removal of the injunction."

"Very good, General; but can you give me any facts that may have been of public notoriety!"

any facts that may have been of public notoriety!"

"Yes. In the first place, the Court was composed of three regular officers—Major Generals
Houter and Hitchcock, and Brigadier Generals
silas Casey; three volunteer officers—Major
General Preutiss, Brigadier General John PSlongh, and myself, also a Brigadier General,
with General Joseph Holt as Judge Advocate.

"Where and when did you meet!"

"In the fall of 1802, and on Fourteenth street,
helow Pennsylvania avenue, over what was then

"In the fall of 1862, and on Fourteenth street, below Pennsylvania avenue, over what was then know as 'Ferd' Butler's restaurant."

"Did you have a stenegraphic reporter!"

"Yes; William Blair Lord, a reporter at present in the House of Representatives, noted all our proceedings. And, as I have before said, if ever this matter comes before Congress, the injunction of secrecy should be removed. I had not any ill-will to Gen. Porter, nor had any other member of the Court." member of the Court."

"Some of them were friendly to him, were they

not?"

"Yes; why, Gen. Hitchcock was the god father at his baptism. There was no ill-feeling toward him by any of the Court. In fact, some of the Board remarked, 'that in view of their friendship for him, they did not consider they could give an impartial judgment."

"And why do they desire to re-open the case, then!"

"And way do they desire to especially then?"

"I understand that there are Confederate reports to be submitted, to show that Gen. Porter could not move to the support of McDowell in consequence of the Confederate forces being in such strength before him as to form an impassable harrier."

ble barrier."

"Was word sent by Pope to Porter, to move up with his support, and assist in engaging the enemy?"

"Yes; three times. There he lay with 12,000

"Yes; three times. There be lay with 12,000 men, the flower of the Army of the Potomac, within four miles of the terrible struggle that was raging. There he was, from morning until night, and it was not until the third order came—and the last which would have been sent by Pope—it was not until then that he moved; but it was too late—the battle was lost."

"Were his troops fit to go into action?"

"Undoubtedly; they were among the best in the army; they were mostly regulars; had the best of artillery, and were fresh troops."

"Was not Geu. Pope very much embarrassed by Porter's delay?"

"Yes; and on Porter's not obeying the second order, Geu. Pope, on his horse, wrote an order for the arcest of Porter, and his being immediately shot! But Brig. Geu. Roberts, of the regular army, persuaded Gen. Pope not to send the order, but to give him (Roberts) another missive to convey to Porter, ordering the latter to bring his forces up immediately. This he did, and Porter obeyed it."

"Had Porter any counsel at his trial!"

"Yes; Reverdy Johnson, of Maryland, and Williams M. Eames, of this city, since dead, were his counsel."

"So you think the case has been disposed of.

liams M. Eames, of this city, since dead, were his counsel."
"So you think the case has been disposed of, and the verdict was a just one?"
"Yea. What Confederate archives have to do with the case, I do not know. His case is of the past—tried, and an impartial verdict rendered. He refused to obey orders; and, while I do not think he was a traitor, nor naturally disloyal to hie country, he was disloyal to his commander during an important battle, and for the time he was disloyal to his country. No, sir; no other verdict could have been rendered.—National Republices.

HISTORY. Presidents and Candidates in the United

Washington was re-elected by nearly a unanimous vote. During his administration, the Federal and Republican parties sprang into existence. On Washington's retirement, John Adams, of Massachusetts, became, by common consent, the candidate of the Federal party for President, and Thomas Jefferson of the Republican party. Adams was chosen President, and Jefferson Vice-President, having the next highest number of votes. In the year 1800 a caucus of members of Congress was held in Philadelphia, which nominated Thomas Jefferson for President, and Aaron Burr for Vice-President. They were elected over John Adams and Charles C. Pinckney. Mr. Jefferson was re-nominated and re-elected in 1804, with George Clinton, of New York, as Vice-President, over Charles C. Pinckney and Rufus King.

James Madison was nominated by a Congresional caucus, in January, 1808, and elected President by a large majority. He was renominated in the same manner in 1812. In September of the same year a convention, representing eleven

the same year a convention, representing eleven States, was held in New York, which nominated De Witt Clinton. But James Madison was re-

elected.

In 1816 James Mouroe was nominated by a Congressi onal cancus, he receiving 65 votes, to W. H. Crawford's 54. Mr. Monroe was elected, and in 1820 he was re-elected without opposi-

W. H. Crawford's 54. Mr. Monroe was elected, and in 1829 he was re-elected without opposition.

In 1824, the Congressional caseus was opposed by a large pertiou of the Republican party. But sixty-six members responded to the call, and these nominated W. H. Crawford for the Presidency. Jackson, Clay, and Adams were also nominated by various States, and there was no choice by the people. The House of Representatives elected John Quincy Adams. Immediately after this election, Andrew Jackson was nominated by the Legislature of Tennessee. That action was endorsed by the Democratic party of the cranitry, and he was elected in 1828, over Mr. Adams.

The first political convention ever held in this country took place in Philadelphia, in 1830. It was called the United States Auti-Masonic Convention. Francis Granger, of New York, presided. No business of importance was transacted, but the same convention met in Baltimore, in 1832, and nominated William Wirt, of Maryland, for President. In May, 1832, a Democratic convention was held in Baltimore, to name a candidate for the Vice-Presidency. Martin Van Buren, of New York, was selected, and the ticket, with Jackson as President. Elected. The National Republican Convention assembled in Baltimore, Dec. 12, 1831, and nominated Henry Clay, of Kentucky, for President.

In May, 1835, a Democratic National Convention was held in Baltimore. Twenty-one States were represented at this convention, the two-third raic was adopted, and Martin Van Buren was unanimously nominated. General William H. Harrison, of Ohio, was the opposing canidate to the Democracy in 1836. He was nominated by a State Convention in Pennsylvania, and several other bodies.

In 1839, a Whig national convention was held in Harrisburg, Pa. W. H. Harrison was again

In 1839, a Whig national convention was held in Harrisourg Pa. W. H. Harrison was again nominated. In December, 1839, a convention of Abolitionists was held at Warsaw, New York.

Abolitionists was held at Warsaw, New York.
James G. Birney, of New York, was nominated for President. May 8, 1840, a Democratic national convention assembled in Baltimore, and Martin Van Baren was unanimously nominated. Harrison was elected.

A Whig national convention met at Baltimore, May 1, 1844, and Henry Clay was nominated. The Democrats nominated Polk, and he was elected. The national convention of the Liberty party met in August, 1844, at Buffalo, New York, and nominated Birney for President.

The Whigs, in 1848, nominated Zachay Taylor at Philadelphia. The Democrats nominated Lew-

at Philadelphia. The Democrats nominated Lewis Cass. The Free Democratic Convention was held at Buffalo, New York, and placed in nomination Martin Van Buren. A similar convention was held on the 9th of Jane, same year, and Van Buren was again nominated. Taylor was

clected.

In 1852 the Whigs nominated Scott, and the Democrats Franklin Pierce. John P. Hale was nominated at Pittsburg, by the Free Soil Demo-

nominated at Pittsburg, by the Free Soil Demoerats.

The first Republican national convention was
held June 17, 1856, in the city of Philadelphia,
and Col. John C. Fremont was nominated. The
American National Council met in Philadelphia,
February, 1856, and nominated Millard Fillmore.
Cincinnati was the meeting place of the Democratic convention, and Buchanan was nominated
on the seventeenth ballot.

On may 16, 1860, the Republican national convention was held in Chicago, and Abraham Lincoln was nominated on the third ballot. A convention of the Constitutional Union party convention of the Constitution of May, and nominated John Bell, of Tennessee. The Democrats
met at Charleston, and nominated Breekinridge.
The delegates who withdrew from this convention, assembled after wards, at Baltimore, and
nominated Douglas.

tion, assembled afterwards, at Baltimore, and nominated Douglas.

In 1864, a convention, under the name of the "Radical Republicans," met at Cleveland, Ohio, and nominated John C. Fremont for President. The Republicans re-nominated Abraham Lincoln. The National Democratic Convention convened at Chicago, and nominated McClellan. In 1863, General Grant was nominated by the Republicans, and Horatio Seymont by the Democrats. In 1872, General Grant was re-nominated by the Republicans, at Philadelphia, and Horace Greeley by the opposition. In 1876, Hayes was nominated by the Republicans, Tiden by the Democrats, and Cooper by the Green backers.

—Inter-Oceas.

Commanders-In-Chief,

The following is a complete list of the various officers who have commanded the armies of the United States since the foundation of our military service to the present time, giving the rank held by each, with the period of their command:

military service to the present time, giving the rank held by each, with the period of their command:

General and Commander in Chief, George Washington, from June 5, 1775, to the close of the Revolution.

From that date to September, 1789, the army consisted of eight companies of infantry and a battalion of artillery, (act of September, 1785,) when Brevet Brigadier General Josiah Harmar, Lieutenant Colonel, commandant of the infantry, was assigned and held until March, 1791.

Major General Arthur St. Clair, from March, 1791, to March, 1792, when he resigned.

Maj. Gen. Anthony Wayne, from March, 1792, to December 15, 1796, when he resigned.

Maj. Gen. Anthony Wayne, from March, 1792, to December 15, 1796, when he died in a hut on the banks of Lake Erie, in Pennsylvania, while en route from Mannee to the East.

Brig. Gen. James Wilkinson, from Dec. 16, 1796, to July 2, 1798.

Lieut. Gen. George Washington, from July 3, 1798, till his death, Dec. 4, 1799.

Brig. Gen. James Wilkinson (again), from June, 1808, to January, 1812, when he was promoted to Major General.

Maj. General Henry Dearborn, from January, 1812, to June, 1815, when he was mustered out. Maj. Gene. Alexander McComb, from May, 1828, till his death, 1841.

Maj. Gen. Alexander McComb, from May, 1828, till his death, 1841.

Maj. Gen. Menry W. Halleck, from June 25, 1841, to November, 1861, being also brevetted Lientenant General from May, 1861.

Maj. Gen. Henry W. Halleck, from July 23, 1862, to March 12, 1862.

Maj. Gen. U. S. Grant, (appointed July 25, 1866), from March 12, 1864, to March 4, 1869.

Gen. Wm. T. Sherman, from March 8, 1869, to present time.

WHEN the Confederates turned cut the Senate officials who served faithfully and efficiently for years to make room for raw Domocrats who never had any experience is the offices to which they were elected, the people were hade acquainted with the kind of civil service reform the Democratic party believe in.—Chicago Journal.

At the evening celebration of the 1,800th an-niversary of the destruction of Pompeii, a bot-tle of wine taken from the ruins, where it had lain since A. D. 79, is to be opened.

TROY, KANSAS, THURSDAY, JUNE 12, 1879. ODE TO THE BODY LOUSE. DEDICATED TO THE ARMY OF THE TEXNESSEE. Let others sing of strife and war's alarms.
And waste their breath;
To me the subject is deved of charms,
That treats of death
Too many horrors meet the pact's eye,
When war's fell torch glares blood-red in the sky.

Let hards more favored sing of love and wine.

Who get such things;
To me, ne woman nor no drink divine.
Its solace brings—
Wedded to war, a most ungrateful spouse.
I sing the glories of the body louse!

What and whence art thou, creeping thing of dirt,
And what thine aim.
When thus thou treadest, neath the soldier's shirt,
The paths of fame?
Where mud is deepest, and where balls fly thickest,
To heroes' under-clothes thou ever stickest. A martyr to some cause—which, Heaven knows With none to nurse you. You walk life's read, companion to your foes, And those that curse you? Thou heat thy loves, and procreatest fast— Ah's such the fate of parish and outcast!

Dost ever think! Dost sing with Nature's choir,
The fatted song!
They say no dust than other dust stands higher.
The gods among:
Then, why should man despise thy equal form.
Himself made out of dirt, a larger worm!

I do not love thee, for thou never eleepest;
Yet, though I kill thee,
Tis not through malice, but with sorrow deepest,
And but to still thee;
Thus both the opposing wills of fate fulfill;
Your part's to bite and die—I seratch and kill.

But not alone with soldiers dost remain— On beauty's neck
I've seen you erceping, scandalously plain,
A startling speck:
I'm sure thou couldst have told a moving tale
Of love exchanges 'tween the brave and frail. Cosmopolite, thou divest at home with all,
Both rich and poor;
On priest and layana thou art known to crawl,
On King and boor;
But with the infantry thou most delightest,
And at their warlike skins devoutly bitest.

Like Hamlet, muffled in his inky cloak,
You know no secure;
Beneath the staff's white lines patent yoke,
Your gentry teems;
Even the escort cannot stop your raids.
And ticklish Generals curse at lonsy aids.

And now, farcwell—the time may come, at last,
When we will part:
Then Fame will tell how, in the glorious past,
Then'st done thy part—
How of each parties toll thou at borne thy share;
For where the army was, "thou sure wert there!"

THE DEATH OF GARRISON.

THE DEATH OF GARRISON.

The death of William Lloyd Garrison is an event that will be regarded with sorrow by the friends of liberty in all parts of the civilized world, for among all the names made conspicuous for life-long devotion to the cause of human rights, none stand higher or brighter on the pillars of fame than that of William Lloyd Garrison. The editor of the Times has special reasons for regretting his death, for, while to the world he was the bold and fearless champion of freedom, to us, and especially to the older members of our family, he was, in addition, a lifelong acquaintance and personal friend, and at the old family homestead in New York, there was no more frequent or welcome visitor than William Lloyd Garrison.

The following interesting and comprehensive sketch of his life, we copy from the New York Commercial Advertiser:

William Lloyd Garrison was born in Newburyport, Mass., December 10, 1904, and was, therefore, in his seventy-fifth year. His father was master of a vessel in the West India trade, but a man of some literary ability and taste, but inclined to intemperance, and while his children were young, he deserted his family, and never returned. The wife and mother was compelled, on account of her extreme poverty, to become a professional nurse, and William was hired

on account of her extrame poverty, to become a professional nurse, and William was hired ont in Sit with a Quaker in Lynu, to learn the trade of shoemaker. The boy was small for the state of shoemaker. The boy was small founder the weight of the lap-stone. Perceiving that he was not fitted for the trade, his mother moved him, and placed him with a Deacon Bartlett, a professional woodsawyer, and the boy employed himself when out of school, by assisting his friend and patron in his labors. After this, he went to Baltimore for a year, as an errand boy, but not being pleased with the occupation, he returned to Massachasetta, and became indentured to the editor of the Newburyport Herold. The boy, now only sixteen years of age, delighted with his occupation, began to write political articles for the Mereld, preserving his incognito so successfuly that he was favored by a communication from his master, requesting him to continue. Gratified by his success, the youth began to write for other journals, and a series of political papers, signed "Arisides," attracted considerable attention. When only twenty-one, he started a paper, called the Free Press, in his native town, but it prove a failure. He then worked as a journeyman, for a year, in Boston. In 1827, he was the editor of the National Philanthropist, the first journal devoted to the canse of total abstinence, and in the following year he was connected with the Journal of the Times, published at Bennington, Vt., to advocate John Quincy Adams for the Presidency. It was during his residence at Bennington, that the germ of his abolition tendencies first began to develop.

The excitement he created not only in the city, but throughout the State, was so great that an anti-slavery momorial was sent to Congress, much larger than any similar paper previously submitted to that body. Through the reputation which Garrison there established, Mr. Benjamin Lundy, who was published, Mr. Benjamin Lundy, who was published, Mr. Benjamin Lundy, and the benefit of the state of the star

was repeatedly threatened with assassination. The Legislature of Georgia passed an act in December, 1831, offering a reward of \$5,000 to any person whe should arrest, bring to trial and prosecute its editor or publisher. A year after the Liberster started, Garrison secured the assistance of the New England Anti-Slavery Society, the parent stem of the dozens of similar exciting which sprung up all over the country. In 1832 he went to England as an agent of the society, and was warmly received by Wilberforce, Brougham, and their associates. After his return, the American Anti-Slavery Society was started in Philadelphia, and the "Declaration of Sentiments," which set forth the association's dims, principles and methods, was prepared by Garrison. This was at a time when the holding of anti-davery meetings was attended with all serts of dangers, with riots imperiling life and property. George Thompson, an eloquent English advocats, who had been induced by Mr. Garrison to visit this country, was compelled to return before exercising his powers. A meeting of the Female Anti-Slavery Society in Boston, was riotously broken up by "gentlemen of property and standing." Mr. Garrison had gone to the meeting for the purpose of making an address, and noting for the purpose of making an address, and noting the turbulent feeling, attempted to conceal himself in a carpenter's shop in the rear of the hall. The infuriated mob chased him, and violently seized him. He was dropped from a window by a rope, stripped of his clothing, and ruthlessly dragged through the streats to the City Hall, and committed to jail by the Mayor, on the next day he was released, and under the protection of the police, he was escorted to a place of safety in the country. In 1839, he led the way in the organization of the New England Non-Resistance Society. In 1840, at the "World's Anti-Slavery Convention," he refused to take his seat, because the female delegates were refused admission. He was chosen President of the best time had some for the dissolution

OKEFENOKEK SWAMP.

This remarkable depression in Southern Georgia, bordering on Florida, is worthy of the attention of the scientific topographer. It is one the sources of supply for each of the two rivers (St. Mary's and Sawanee), which so nearly bisect the peninsula, and "Trail Ridge"—the backbone of Florida—commences to rise in the swamp, leaving this great natural basin the lowest sumit level between the waters of the Atlantic ocean and the Gulf of Mexico north of parallel 39.

Liet. Hunter in his survey makes the area of this basin about 1,000 square miles, of which the

this basin about 1,000 square miles, of which the swamp proper covers about 500 square miles, and the average elevation above tidewater is 116 feet. The swamp has several islands in it, 116 feet. The swamp has several islands in it, from one to six miles in length, and ‡ to ‡ mile in width. The principal growth on them being pine, cypress, and loblolly bay; of the last of which Lient. Hunter says, there are many groves with trees of remarkable size, and very symmetrical, presenting a magnificent appearance; some of the trees measuring from 80 to 30 feet to the first branches. The largest area of the swamp is made up of prairies or savannas, with occasional bodies of dense undergrowth of tietic and bamboo briers. The surface is always wet, and sometimes entirely covered with water, ex-

and sometimes entirely covered with water, ex-cept the islands. There are also a number of lakes or large ponds. There are also a number of lakes or large ponds, frequented by a great variety of water fowl. Fresh water trout are caught in these lakes, weighing from 5 to 9 pounds. Perch, chub and bream are also pleatiful. In fact, the great number of deer and bear on the islands, and all the varieties of wild duck, crane, curlew, &c., this must be one of the "paradises" for hunters, which is so often hunted for but seldom found. Many of the lakes and ponds are connected by narrow channels, and can be reached in boats from the main land.

The writer of this article was on "Chesser Islands," in the swamp, a few days since, and saw a surveying pariy start in boats for "Black Jack Islands," 15 miles distant. This party, he learns, are making examination, on a line of survey, from tilewater on St. Mary's river to the Gulf of Mexico, near St. Marks, having in view the opening of a steam-boat and barge channel between the points mentioned.

One or two of the many Indian mounds on the islands of this swamp have been slightly examinated and erge a vidence of a different race af near the point of the many lands and the property of a different race af near the point of the many lands and the property of a different race af near the point of the many lands and the page of a different race af near the point of the many lands and the page of a different race af near the point of the many lands and the page of a different race af near the points mand and the page of a different race af near the points mand and the page of a different race af near the page of a different race af a differe

One or two of the many Indian mounds on the islands of this awamp have been slightly examined, and give evidence of a difforn race of people from any one previously found. Altogether it is a queer place, of which little is known; even the name is a mystery. Peabody's map of 1834 calls it Okefonesof; Williams' history of Florida, 1837, Okefonakow and Oquefanoke, and by others, Okefinoke. The name is doubtless settled now by Licet. Hunter and Gen. Gilmore to plain Okefenokee.—New York Observer.

Feelish Freeman's Felty.

The editor of the leading Second Adventist organ in New England has hastened to denounce the recent lutchery of Edith Freeman, as a sacrificial act, by her father, as "red-handed wick-edness, diabolical bigotry and inexcusable religious frenzy." He further declares that the Second Advent Church is not responsible for Freeman's frenzy, as its doctrines do not have any such tendency. Freeman, in part, seemed to have belonged to a bogus Second Advent organization, according to Editor Couch, and had nothing to do with the true faith. While people have been driven to religious frenzy and have done queer things under the preaching of Methodists, Baptists, and even Presbyterians, the Second Advent doctrine seems to have a peculiar tendency to produce monomaniaes. Men and women, in that organization, become mystics, and lose themselves in the contemplation of those biblical prophecies relating to the dramatic personal return of Christ to the earth, or else allow their minds to become greatly inflanded with excitement over the subject, and gradually become insans. As usual, the enemies of the Christian religion are charging Freeman's crime to the Bible, and his perusal of the story of Jephths and the sacrifice of his daughter, but in the light of recent intelligent biblical criticism, the sacrifice of Jeptha's daughter never occurred, the Hebrew indicating that she became a nun in the cloisters of the day; so sacrificing berself.—Courier-Journal.

POLITICAL NONSENSE.-Is there a man in th POLITICAL NONSENSE.—Is there a man in the United States, arrived at years of discretion, who believes that popular liberty is or can be endangered by the federal army? We trow not! and yet the preposterous issue is handled as seriously as though it were really an impending danger, and the situation is debated as though nothing but the eloquence of Democratic orators prevented the overwhelming rush of federal bayonets over the trampled form of liberty. It is bouffe of the most procounced character, and it is really so ridicalous that we get weary of it. If we must have bouffe in national politics, it is to be wished that there could be at least some variety. At present the monotony of the absurdity is somewhat depressing.—Secrements

Union.

THE MEMPHIS Apalauche (Democratic,) frankly asys: "It won't do to change the editorials in the Okolons States on an Obio carpet bagger. Colonel Harper is the wild-eyed boy of destiny who runs the machine, and if he isn't a Southerner, the race is extinct."

THE VETO-A PABLE. BY W. A. CROFFUT.

A colony of rats, one stormy night,
Assailed a corn-crib, full of golden ear
When, lo: a fence of bayonets bright,
Flashing around, awoke their fears.
They fied away in fright;
"We have," they cried in tears,
Not had a bite
In iwenty years;"

Then, hungry and dishonest, old and young.
Burrowed a tunnel underneath the ground.
Into the cornerib, and they clung
Together till their toll was crowned;
And reckless songs they sung.
When daylight glimmered 'round.
A merry tongue
The rascals found!

With gluttoneus appetite and clamorous ery.
Into the immed the maranders poured;
But ere they left its mouth, to die.
They quickly stopped, with one accord,
For there the farmer, nigh,
Waited, without a word.
And swung on high
The "Veto" sword,

Not being anxious to pay nature's debt. They fied to quit the end they entered at: Alas' beside the hole they met What tended to probibit that: For there, the farmer's pet.

His name, "Vox Populi"—they called him so— He licked his chops, and waited for his prey; The other end the sword of wee; The rats were stricken with dismay. You ask, "Where did they go? Or dis they starve and stay!" I do not know; I came away.

SERPENTS IN CONNECTICUT.

Black Sunkes Plentier, Bigger, and Flercer than ever-Hair-raining Stories Told by the Honest Farmers-Climbing Trees for Rob-ins' Eggs-The Nocturnal Bird that the Black Sunke Fears.

New Boston, Conn., May 23, 1879.

Uncle Josh Peters, when he came in from a day's planting, last evening, remarked that he actually believed he had killed more snakes than he had planted hills of corn. "I've been born and brought up in this 'ere town," he said, as he stood with his hoe over his shoulder, talking to a few of his neighbors, "and I've seen a heap of snakes in my time, but I never seen a heap of snakes in my time, but I never seen so many hig black snakes, regular fighters, as I have this season. It beats all."

"And how many have you seen to-day, Uncle Josh!"

"Well, now, I couldn't begin to count has

"And how many have you seen to-day, Uncle Josh!"
"Well, now, I couldn't begin to count back and reckon on 'em up, but there must have been furty or fifty. Some on 'em were little fellows, but there were three black fellows as big as my wrist, and I should think pretty nigh six foot long, and they was fighters."
"Did they fight you?"
"Did they fight you?"
"Did they fight you?"
"Did they give 'em a chance. If I had, they'd a gone for my throat. They don't bite, but they choke a feller to death. I ain't much skeered of snakes, if I can see 'em, but I don't want to come on a bunch of the black ones all of a sudden. I don't know what to make on't. Where do they all come from !"

From all parts of the State come reports that confirm Uncle Josh's experience. Connecticut seems to be overrun with large and fierce black snakes. There have been found a good many flat heads and copper-colored adders, and on the Meriden Hill and in the north-western part of the State, there are discovered, almost every season, a few rattle snakes; but there is no record of so many of the swift and ugly black rep-tiles having been seen sad killed in one receiver.

The frost had hardly got out of the ground, when two young men of Bridgeport, strolling in the ravines near Trumbull, discovered a nest of black snakes. They were then just coming out of their torpor, and were still sluggish. The young men killed forty-eight without much

young men killed forty-eight without much trouble. A farmer named Peckham, who lives in that settlement in the town of Lebanon known as Kick Hill, began to clean out his well, a few days ago. He came up in a hurry. He had seen haif a dozen serpents' heads projecting from the stones that walled the well. How the reptiles got there he could not guess, for the well is in his door yard, and some distance from any woods. After a day's battle he drove them out, and killed fourteen. Every one was a black snake.

James Tyler, of North Ashford, a town near New Boston, in the north-east corner of the State, came upon six of these snakes sunning themselves in his lot. He had neither stick nor stone, and precipitately retreated. Cutting a lithe walnut sprout, he returned and dealt them a blow which broke the backs of three of them. The others raised their heads, and with open mouths, their forked tongues darting like lightning flashes, sprang toward Mr. Tyler. He junped back, and with the walnut stick levelled two more. The last was so close that Mr. Tyler could not use his stick. He had the presence of mind to jump on it, and was fortunate enough to crush its back with his heels. None of these snakes measured less than four feet in length.

A Meriden farmer reports that he saw, one day last week, a black snake fully five feet long, climbing an apple tree in his orchard. As the snake ilkes so well for a meal as robins' eggs, unless it be very small toads. But black snakes rarely trouble owls' nests. They lose their eyes if they do. The cries at the robin brought its mate, and the two, after pathetic appeals for help, boddly attacked the snake. Their peeks hurt him evidently just enough to anger him; he raised his head and darted at them as he moved along toward the nest. Just as he reached it, the farmer, with a pole, struck the make a blow that brought him to the ground; but he brought the nest and eggs with him.

About ten miles from the place where this hat the occurred, and a day of two later, Daniel B. Perkins, a midd

The Brave Old Astrator.—The Philadelphia Times occasionally refers to old times in a way to cause one to forget that it is on the fence. It said of William Lloyd Garrison, the other day: "It is hard for us to measure now how great a degree of courage it required to make the fight be made. We wonder new that the institution against which he fought over could have existed in this lead, but when we reflect that slavery was so deeply rooted, so intrenched with power and prejudice, that years of cruel war were needed to destroy it, we may estimate at something like its value the heroism of the brave old agitator who died in New York." THE BRAVE OLD AGITATOR.—The Philadelphia

THERE are 90,000 men in Kentucky who are unable to read and write. The average Demo-cratic majority in Kentucky is about 90,000.